

How to lead the Return Migration

by DF-chan

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Summary: While leading a return migration, some problems were just bound to happen. Set: Gift of the Night Fury. Not good English, a little of OOC and intelligent Dragons. Three-chapter-shot.

1. Chapter 1

****.How to lead a Return Migration.****

****SUMMARY****: While leading a return migration, some problems were just bound to happen. Set: Gift of the Night Fury. Not good English, a little of OOC and intelligent Dragons. Three-shot.

****WARNINGS****: This is the fic from the foreigner. Keep that in mind. My fourth fic in this fandom. Set in the Gift of The Night Fury (so I do suggest those who didn't watch it, to watch it) directly after the scene where Hookfang and Hiccup flew away.

****A/N****: It's short three-shot fic, and not really that funny or cute, but I really wanted to write it. ;D Though I should probably work on the Defiant Oneâ€| but plot bunnies are incredibly insistent.

****DISCLAIMER****: I do not own _How To Train Your Dragon _or _Gift of The Night Fury_.

****BETA****: I.F.T.S

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><p>Chapter 1: How to row a boat through the air.<p>

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><p>Hiccup frowned down at the hatchlings who tried pathetically to flap their scrawny, fragile wings in imitation of their parent's

graceful flight.<p>

"_That won't do it."_ Hiccup sighed, before an idea came to his mind. "Oh, hold on, I've got just a thing!" Hiccup patted Hookfang's neck, signaling the dragon to follow his lead.

* * *

><p>Well, at first it seemed to be a good idea for Hiccup, but probably he had miscalculated a few details. "Come on Hookfang! Just grab it across a nose and tug!" He encouraged the dragon from his perch on the Nightmare's neck.<p>

Hookfang warbled something back at him that sounded suspiciously like " _Oh yeah? If you are so clever, try it yourself!_ " as he tugged the old Viking boat stuck between the reefs. The creak of the wood filled the foggy air and Hiccup yelped, "No-no-no! Too strong! Geez, this is not going to work." The teen sighed in frustration.

The Nightmare, who let go of the boat on Hiccup's command, narrowed his bright yellow eyes at the stubborn piece of wood. An irritated snarl escaped him, as he gathered the gas for a shot- "Wait! No fire, no fire! You will blow it up!" Hiccup flailed, feeling with his knees that Hookfang's neck tense for a launch, efficiently stopping the dragon. The red-scaled reptile grumbled, but didn't shoot, letting the gas harmlessly sip from his mouth.

"You are the one for extreme measures, aren't you? Just like Snotlout." Hookfang snorted at the name of his rider and Hiccup smiled at it. The dragon and the teen stared down at the boat a little more, before Hookfang grunted.

" _So, what next?-_ "

Sometimes Hiccup amazed himself with how well he could read dragons.

"We need some help and something to get the boat out of there without destroying it. Maybe there are ropes down there?..." Hiccup squinted through the fog at the ship. "Let me down." Hookfang flew lower, craning his neck to allow the little human to look for a safe spot to jump on.

Hiccup swung his legs on one side of the dragon and jumped, landing with a grunt on the wobbly wooden surface. "Get some help! I will try to find the ropes." He yelled up to the dragon, then pausing. "And don't get distracted!" Hookfang roared somewhat offended and flew back towards the Egg Island, how Hiccup had dubbed it.

The teen carefully made his way through the debris of the boat, looking for bits and pieces of ropes that will suffice as a tool to help the dragons to tug the boat. The auburn haired Viking silently wondered how the hell everything had come to this: he - wandering somewhere unknown, with a bunch of dragons and newly-born dragon-hatchlings for a company, searching for something that will let those said hatchling to travel back home. Yep, just an ordinary day for Hiccup. The only thing he missed was the one black-scaled dragon.

Truth to be told, the worry ate Hiccup away. Anxious and terrifying worry for Toothless, who was somewhere out thereâ€¦ without him. What if his dragon had abandoned him? What if he decided that he had enough with the scrawny Viking? Wasâ€¦ Toothless tired of him? But, no, it couldn't be. After all, they were the best friends. It couldn't be thatâ€¦ Toothless had just tolerated him before? He played all Mr. Nice for the sake of the human, while he himself didn't want to beâ€¦ with him. And given the chance he had fled, leaving the domestic life on the Viking Island. Hiccup sighed despondently. He should stop thinking â€” it made him even more anxious and scared of the situation. He probably should concentrate on the problem at hand, before-

Hiccup's prosthetic leg caught in a loose plank and he came down through the deck onto the lower level, his surprised scream cut off when his face met with more wood.

-something like that happens.

"Arrrrgghhhh-" Hiccup groaned, face stinging and full of disgustingly warm and moist moss, and chips of old and broken wood planks. His body groaned in protest with him, every inch of skin hurting as he flopped himself on his back, trying to assess the damage. Well, it looks like all his other limbs were intact and nothing was broken, besides his ego. Really, Hiccup, being the awesome dragon trainer you are and to be defeated by a simple, old boat. Pathetic.

Inside the boat it was dark and his only source of light was a Hiccup-shaped hole over him. Hiccup tried to stand up, but he didn't move far from the moist floor, because his legs were tangled in something long and slick-

"Ahhh!" Hiccup recoiled, trashing in the grasp of the unknown foe, only to stumble and face-plant on to the floor once again. Body tense, Hiccup slowly lifted himself up and felt with his hands the foreign hold.

"Oh." He brought a dark brown slippery thing to his face, "It looks like I found the ropes." Hiccup drawled with a roll of his eyes. Typical, like Astrid would say.

Untangling himself from the new-found ropes, Hiccup gathered them in his hands, coiling them around his arms. The cords were lying all over the lower deck, looking as if they were deliberately left there. Ignoring the oddity, Hiccup carefully walked around the deck, gathering all the sufficient ropes. A couple of longest cables slithered their way into the darkest corner of the boat and Hiccup tried to tug them from there, but was met with the resistance.

"What the?-" Hiccup grumbled, tugging harder and nearly falling on his rump when the rope didn't budge. "Okay, I hope it is just stuck and there are no sea monsters on the other end of this." Gulp Hiccup, stepping into the darkness, following the rope. Thankfully there were no sea monsters. Taking a few steps forward, Hiccup bumped with his feet something hard and smooth.

"Huh?" The teen blindly reached out to the thing, squinting in the dark, trying to see at least the form. Something round and the size of a chicken was there-

"An egg?"

Bringing the egg closer to the light, Hiccup was surprised to see that it was a dragon egg. He wasn't an expert (because honestly he just saw a dragon egg only today), but the egg in his hands was a little smaller than Gronkle's and in different colour (light green with specks of yellow) but with the same bumpy surface and warm shell.

"_What this egg is doing here?"_ Hiccup thought in wonder, admiring the surface of the egg. The teen wondered why the egg was here all alone, when a sudden thought came and he rushed to check the dark part again.

His suspicions were confirmed; there was more than one egg. Six differently colored eggs (with the main colour of light green and different specks of other colours) were lined under the light along with all the ropes he found, and Hiccup stared at them. He found six abounded eggs in the old Viking boat. Whose eggs were that? And why they were left here, where it is dark, cold and water threatening the life of little unborn hatchlings? How long they were here?

Hiccup didn't know, but what he knew is that he wouldn't leave these eggs here. The only problem was how should he get them out of here? And for that matter; how will **_**he**_** get out of here?

During his 'egg-hunt' he found out that stairs that led to the upper deck were destroyed along with most of the boat's stern. There was only rock and water there, and Hiccup wondered if there would have been storm, and water reached higher levels, would eggs have died?..

His thoughts interrupted by a screech that filled the air and sound of multiply wings beating. Soon, he already could hear and see dragons hover the boat, questioning thrill filling the air.

"I'm in here, Hookfang!"

The boat sagged as the dragon landed on it, the wood groaning in the protest under the weight. A bright yellow eye on the red muzzle peeked through the hole at Hiccup.

"Hey, good to see you came back so fast. I need some help getting out of here." Hiccup smiled sheepishly at the dragon. Hookfang moved, so Hiccup couldn't see him anymore and there were exchange of thrills and warbles through the dragons that came with Hookfang, then a sudden shift of weight and there was another pair of heads slithering its long necks through the hole.

"Barf! Belch!" Hiccup exclaimed happily. He didn't know that the twins' dragon was there too! The Zippleback grumbled in greetings at him, lowering its heads as low as they can, to let the teen touch their horns.

"Wait a sec." Hiccup bended down to take one of the eggs in his hands, "Help me out?"

The Zippleback paused to sniff at the egg in the teen's hands and Belch made a curious noise, nudging the egg.

"I found these guys here in the boat. Wonder who left them here?" Hiccup mused, but was startled out of his thoughts when something slimy snaked over his fingers. It was Barf's tongue, who joined his counterpart near the teen. Barf lifted the egg with his tongue, closing his jaws loosely around the egg, and nudged Hiccup carefully. The teen grinned and lifted another egg, so Belch could take it too. Taking the third egg and hanging the ropes over his chest, he mounted Belch's neck and the dragon resurfaced from the boat.

They did a second round and soon a bunch of ropes and all six eggs were on the deck. Beside the Hookfang and BarfBelch there were four Nightmares, two more Zipplebacks and Deadly Nadders. Hookfang, who was nosing the eggs with curious gleam in his eyes, snorted a puff of fire at them, then licked his teeth and turned to Hiccup, blinking at him.

"Yes, we are taking them with us." Hiccup said sternly, noticing the distaste with which the red Nightmare snorted at the eggs. Not the Nightmares' eggs then.

"Now let's get this boat out!"

There was an exchange of roars between four other Nightmares, and Hiccup looked with interest at their 'conversation'. Were they arguing about eggs? Or- Oh, wait there was a gas- and are they going to?-

"Wait! _**No**_ _**fire**_!"

Wow, it seemed that all the Nightmares had the same set of mind. It took some time for Hiccup to convince the dragons to not to blow the boat up in their eagerness to 'help' and tie the ropes to the ship, so dragons could take the other ends in their claws and tug the boat free. The eggs were safe in the mouths of the Zipplebacks, as all dragons flew high with the boat hanging between them.

Hiccup cling to Hookfang's horns, shooting worrying glances from the boat to the Zipplebacks, as the Nightmare underneath him huffed and grumbled through his intense wing slapping.

I say we should have blown it up.

"No, Hookfang."

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A/N: 1 ready, 2 left.

2. Chapter 2

How to lead a Return Migration.

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WARNINGS: This is the fic from the foreigner. Keep that in mind.

My fourth fic in this fandom. Set in the Gift of The Night Fury (so I do suggest those who didn't watch it, to watch it) directly after the scene where Hookfang and Hiccup flew away.

****A/N****: Let's say that I'm satisfied. ;D More or less.

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****BETA****: I.F.T.S

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><p>Chapter 2: How to gather the dragon-hatchling on the field trip.<p>

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><p>Somehow they managed to get the boat to the island without dropping it on the way (and without Hookfang blowing it up in his irritation), and now the wooden structure was standing, looking intimidating and completely alien amongst the natural beauty of the resort island. The eggs Hiccup found were safely tucked in the willing Deadly Nadder's nest, and the teen himself stood in front of the boat.<p>

The dragons and their hatchlings gathered around, curiously trilling to each other. Stormfly's three hatchlings were toddling around Hiccup, nosing him at his legs and playing a game; running as close to the boat as they dared and then back to Hiccup, tweeting proudly at the teen if they run farther than their siblings.

"Okay, so, it should be easy from here." Hiccup clapped his hands, looking over the boat. Stormfly next to him cocked her head on side in question, "We are going to carry hatchling on the boat to the Berk." The teen elaborated, gesturing at the boat with a hopeful smile that fell when the dragon snorted at him, her breath ruffling his hair.

You are kidding, right?-

"It couldn't be hard. I need only to get over the thousand little dragon-hatchlings onto the boat."

Stormfly made a sound that sounded suspiciously like an evilly amused cackle and sauntered away from the teen. Hiccup followed her from the corner of his eye and then sighed heavily, looking down at the Nadder hatchlings watching him.

"Okay, little guys. Let's do it." He crouched down and extended his hand to the purple colored dragonet, the one who first allowed him to touch itself. The Purple sniffed at his hand, before warbling and hopping into the teen's hands trustingly. The little Deadly Nadder nosed him into the chest, blinking its huge yellow eyes at him, making Hiccup smile at it, "There, good little dragon."

The teen walked towards the boat slowly, so the Purple wouldn't panic in the close proximity of the foreign object. The baby Deadly Nadder warbled in question, looking curiously at the huge object looming

over them, but shrunk back a little when it noticed an ominous dragon craved head staring down at them.

"Here-here. See, it is okay? Now we gonna get on the deck and-" Hiccup didn't manage to finish, because the hatchling opened its mouth and ****wailed****.

The Viking dropped the hatchling in hurry to cover his ears from this horrible sound. The Purple, not-stopping wailing, scrambled away from Hiccup as soon as its claws touched the earth, darting back to its siblings, who jumped and quaked around him.

"What the-?!-" Hiccup's shocked yell was drowned in the sudden noise that rose around him. All of the hatchlings, who were spurred by the Purple, clicked and warbled in a high and shrilly voices, as they flapped their wings.

-What happened? What happened?-

-Scary! Scary!-

-Bad!-

Hiccup had an impression that it was exactly what hatchlings were saying, because soon all of them were staring at him with narrowed eyes, hissing and clicking.

-Human! Tried something bad! Get him!-

And they lunged for him.

Hiccup yelped and run, dodging the wings of the seemingly confused (but he swore he saw Stormfly smirking amusingly at him) older dragons, as every hatchling tried to bite his ankles or claw at any available part of his body. He raced through the row of Gronkles' nests, evading the Nightmare hatchlings leaping at him (was it Hookfang's one?!) and trying to reason with them.

"What even I did to you?" Hiccup yelped when one of Zipplebacks' head spit harmless but still stinging sparks at his calf in its pursuit, "I just want to help you- Ooph!"

'_Not again-',_ Hiccup thought as his stupid prosthetic got caught in the rocky surface. He stumbled and was then crushed by a sudden weight on his back. Landing with a grunt (on his face. Again.) on the land, he felt the claws on his back, legs and hands as the hatchlings swarmed him in their version of the hatchling-dog-pile.

There was a trilling that sounded suspiciously triumphal, and it was echoed by every hatchling that was straddling Hiccup or standing around him. He could imagine it was their victorious battle cry.

"Agh- My face." Hiiccup groaned into the rock, but it sounded more like 'AkcgHmpaPhah' and tried to lift himself up; but the weight of squirming hatchlings kept him down.

He could hear an amused warbling through the excited clicking of hatchlings, and turning his head a little, he noticed the dragons around them, seemingly laughing at the scene, or praising their

hatchlings.

__-Good job! You took a mighty human male down!-__

He supposed they could say it. Well, maybe without the 'mighty' part.

There was another warble, and the hatchlings whined, but where shushed with the same sound. It looked like they were scolded, because as soon as warble was repeated they reluctantly allowed the human to sit up and rub his bruised face.

"Thanks, Stormfly."

Stormfly clicked at him, her eyes glinting with mirth, as she helped him to stand up.

__-I told you, it would a lot harder.-__

"A little help would be more appreciated, instead of your 'I told you'." Hiccup grumbled, as the Nadder laughed at him.

Hookfang's hatchling (Dark Purplish Red in colour with spots like freckles in lighter colour) toddled closer to him, snorting at Hiccup's disgruntled look. It puffed its scrawny chest out and trilled at him, as if in challenge.

'_He is a feisty one.'_ Hiccup sighed, "Come on, little guy. I'm not here for that. We are just trying to take you to Berk!" He crouched down, ignoring the cuts and bruises littering his body, and stretched the hand to the little Nightmare, he had dubbed as Feisty in his mind. Its eyes become slits, but he didn't back away, instead he stepped closer and bumped Hiccup's hand with its little horn.

__-Come on!-__

"What?" Hiccup asked in confusion, but Feisty just bumped him again. Bewildered, Hiccup thought that it meant 'go ahead' and stretched his hand to take a hold of the little dragon, but the hatchling evaded his hand and bumped it again.

Exasperated, Hiccup tried to grab it again, but Feisty evaded again, with an excited tweeting as it bounced around the human, the other hatchlings echoing him.

Hiccup looked confused, before brightening again, "Oh, you don't! I will get you!", and with that the teen took after the hatchlings, who scattered away from him with happy clicking and screams, that sounded a lot like the little Viking children screamed, when playing a game of tug back in the village.

Hiccup smiled inwardly as he played with the little dragons. They were just children after all (even though fire-breathing and scaled ones), and it seemed that they wanted just to have fun with him. Several other dragons joined them too, snapping their jaws at the hatchlings playfully, only for the little ones to shriek in delight and bounce around. Some of them climbed on the backs of other older dragons and were warbling from their high spots. Others sneaked under the legs, biting everyone with their little teeth.

Hiccup oomph-ed, when Feisty jumped onto his back, climbing up to sit on his shoulders and huffing smoke through his nostrils, looking quite smug. The teen chuckled at the little Nightmare and patted it on the head, scratching the soft scales and ignoring the definite smell of burned hair (he hoped he won't become bald like Gobber with all the fire around him. He nearly lost eyebrows once, thank you). A sudden idea popped into his signed head, and he allowed himself a mischievous smile as he clapped and yelled excitedly, diverting all attention to himself as he started to run in circles and loops. The hatchlings immediately dropped what they were doing and shrieked in delight at the chase, darting after the teen. Very soon there was a hoard of hatchlings gaining on Hiccup, but the teen kept his gaze on his destination, evading the wings, claws and occasional nips. Feisty, who didn't dare to let go of the human, was warbling in excitement at the speed, as the teen jumped over the rocks and run around the hot springs.

He spotted the boat he was running towards and the twins' dragon near it, "Barf! Belch!" He called out for the Zippleback, who strangely enough understood what exactly Hiccup wanted.

As Hiccup neared the boat and jumped, the green dragon stuck out its necks; acting as a ladder for the teen to jump on the deck. The wood under his feet creaked, but he didn't stop running. Feisty squeaked in alarm and let go of him in surprise. The hatchling in their playful haze climbed on and into the boat after him without a second thought. Hiccup run across the deck and jumped down, only to be caught by Barf who flipped him in the air and onto Belch's neck.

Slightly dizzy from his stunt, Hiccup steadied himself on the Zippleback and grinned down now at the hatchlings sniffing curiously around. The teen shot a smug look at Stormfly, "See! I did it."

The boat swayed and creaked behind him, under the sound of the hatchling's shrilling voices.

"Well, at least I get them on that stupid boat."

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A/N: 2 ready, 1 to go.

3. Chapter 3

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A/N: Finally, the last part. I don't know why but it was hard to

write. And I'm not really satisfied, but I think it was the best I could come up with. xD

****DISCLAIMER****: I do not own _How To Train Your Dragon _or _Gift of The Night Fury_.

****ATTENTION****!This chapter is not Beta-ed!****ATTENTION****

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><p>Chapter 3: How to survive the road trip<p>

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><p>Hiccup thought that after getting hatchlings on the boat, calming them down (which was much harder than making them excited), then showing the dragons how exactly they need to carry the boat so hatchlings won't fall off through the holes (while trying to stop the Nightmares from obliterating it. Seriously what was their problem?!) and actually getting into the air (but not after tucking the six eggs into a safe place in the boat cushioning it with spare leaves, twigs and hay he borrowed from some nests) everything will go smoothly and they will reach Berk preferably till the midnight.<p>

(And maybe even with a certain dragon already there and waiting for his human friend.)

But he really need to learn that nothing goes smoothly when concerning dragons (or Hiccup).

******-15 minutes in the air-******

At first Hiccup thought he imagined it, but the second time he saw a movement on the deck underneath him and Stormfly he was riding, he was sure that some hatchling were sneaking around.

The second he lifted his head the movement was repeated and he quickly looked back. It were Fiasty and Purple with it's siblings edging towards the wood dragon carving on the nose of the boat. He watched for a second in the silent bewilderment, but snapped out of it when Stormfly growled warningly.

"Hey!" they gave the rope to a free dragon nearby and flew to the hatchlings who already climbed up on the head, "It's dangerous to play here!"

Purple startled because of Hiccup's yell and his little claws missed the grip on the head, which sent him backwards with the wind. Stormfly reacted, swooping down and catching Purple into her claws.

_What where you thinking?!-__-I just wanted to ride on the front!-__

Hiccup scratched his ear, swearing that he could here a conversation in those screeches and whines.

Maybe Gobber was right about him slowly going crazy- well crazier?.. Though listening to Gobber he already was born nuts.

**** -40 minutes in the air -****

There was some irritated grumble from the dragon underneath him and Hiccup couldn't help but wonder who exactly it was. Stormfly and Hookfang (along with several other Nightmares and Nadders) were patrolling the too-adventurous hatchlings and he switched to another, a deep navy and purple with a little of pink coloured Nightmare*. He was sure he had seen it around the village before: it's interesting colour and a little twist of horns that is unique for the each Nightmare were familiar, but he couldn't be sure.

He tried to pat and scratch the dragon on the pleasure points reassuringly, thinking that the dragon was tired of the weight of boat it was sharing with twenty other nest mates, but the Nightmare rejected petting with another grumble.

"Hey, what's wrong?" Hiccup asked concerned, but the dragon just let out a half-growl and a half-moan. "Are you feeling okay?"

The dragon snorted and swung its head as if in agitation at the question. Hiccup wasn't sure what was going on with it, but he tried to ease the dragon's mood.

"Don't worry boy, we will get there -"

Hiccup wasn't sure why he was suddenly plummeting to the ocean, but he didn't manage to scream because almost instantly his fall was stopped by the claws around his torso.

He gasped breathlessly as Stormfly lifted him into the air and dropped him on Hookfang's back.

"What the hell was that?!" he whizzed through his shock staring down where his previous ride was circling under the boat and snarling at everyone who flew close to it.

Hookfang snorted the sound that Hiccup could recognize from Gobber when he received a slap from enraged Berta when he mentioned her weight.

_ -Females. - _

**** -1 hour and 26 minutes in the air -****

There was a commotion in the boat. Hiccup jumped from Meatlug he was riding this time (who was struggling with her rope, flapping her little wings feverishly) on to the back of BarfBelch who flew closer to the boat. With the help of the Zippleback, Hiccup somehow managed to climb into the wooden structure and into a mass of chattering hatchlings.

"Okaaaay, so what's wrong with you?" Hiccup muttered catching one of the Gronckle's hatchling. The tiny thing the size of his head whined at him with big adorable eyes and Hiccup couldn't help but coo at it.

"Awwwww, aren't you a cute little thi-GAH!"

The Gronckle smacked its little jaws disappointedly at not-so-tasty taste of human's hand, as Hiccup grimaced at the imprint of teeth on

his limb. The little chubby dragon's stomach growled loudly.

"Okay, I get it. You are hungry, but how are we going to feed-" the growl resonated through the crowd of hatchlings, " -all of you?.."

They couldn't take a stop during the journey if they wanted to arrive before midnight. Hiccup even arranged the dragons so they changed shifts by passing ropes in the flight. If they stop on some island to feed this hoard of hatchlings, it can take an unknown amount of precious time. Hiccup frowned, thinking it over as the Gronckle hatchling squirmed in his grasp, gurgled and burped a smelly puff, right into Hiccup's face.

"Ugh!" the teen wrinkled his nose, "As Gobber said, don't hold it in yourself- Hey! I got it!" Hiccup brightened and quickly put the hatchling down, whistling for the BarfBelch.

"Come one guys, we are going fishing!"

A half an hour later, a pile of squishy and soft-looking fishes (and a couple of chunks of what Hiccup assumed was a whale) were on the deck with Hiccup, as the teen tried not to inhale too deep the smell of half-regulated fish. Taking a squishy cod in his hand and trying not to gag at the feeling, Hiccup navigated his way through the ropes on the deck to the nearest hole.

"Dinner!" He threw the fish into the hole and at the sound of tearing flesh and excited chatter peered into the hole. Hiccup shuddered at the sight of many-many **hungry** eyes directed on him.

"Okay, I think we will need more fish And **no way** I'm going down there."

-2 hours and 48 minutes in the air-

It was darkening pretty quickly now, Hiccup noted as he carefully steered BarfBelch, which was pretty hard, considering the fact that he was sitting where the dragon's necks met and nudging both heads into a right direction of the Berk. He glanced up into the sky, seeing the first stars appearing in the mix of orange, red and blue. Suddenly the Zippleback underneath him lurched slightly, his heads swaying in the different directions.

"Wow, what's wrong boy?" Hiccup yelped as the one of dragon's head (Belch) turned to him with the look that was pretty familiar to one of the Thornston twins.

-Something funny or disgusting is going to happen.-

That was what basically meant Belch's guttural dragon laugh.

Suddenly there was some smell in the air and a few high-pitched high calls from other dragons and the whistling of something small falling down into the water. Multiply something.

Hiccup glanced down, sticking out his tongue and making a disgusted face, "Ugh. Gross. And unexpected."

__Why do you think we, adults, are so organized?*__

Barf and Belch laughed, and Hiccup rolled his eyes, still wrinkling his nose.

"It doesn't make it any less gross." He mutter as the Zippleback continue to chuckle, ignoring the sound of splashing accompanying the sound of wing beats.

4 or more hours in the air

"Can't see a thing." Hiccup muttered, squinting his eyes trying to see in the darkness and through the clouds they got into. "Hey, girl, we need to get a little higher, above the clouds." Hiccup nudged Stormfly with his knee, and the dragon obeyed, roaring out to others and they moved up.

Above the skies there was a dark-blue nothingness dotted with glowing stars and the whiteness of clouds underneath them, basking in the glow that seems to go from within them. Hiccup shuddered at the cold air, and smiled shakily at Stormfly's click.

__You okay, up there?__

"Yeah-yeah, fine." He ignored the clutter of his teeth, but apparently Stormfly wasn't that easily tricked. The Nadder huffed and puffed out a smoke through her nostrils, the wind pushed it immediately back at Hiccup and the teen sighed as the smoke burned his freezing skin for a second, leaving a pleasant warmth after it.

"Thank you Stormfly."

__You are welcome.__

The dragon snorted smugly.

They flew a little more (with Stormfly occasionally warming up Hiccup), before the sky suddenly brightened.

"Oh." Hiccup couldn't help but let out, at the sight of colours stretching across the sky, twisting and overlapping in a silent dance. He heard the chatter from below and noticed that some hatchling peered through the holes on the deck and were chattering at the sight of polar lights, fighting for the better place to see.

Stormfly let out a sound a cross between purring and murmur as she peered down with one of her eyes at the hatchlings and Hiccup couldn't help but agree with her.

"_There are so much many wonders waiting for you out there."_

More time in the air

They flew lower this time. Despite how Hiccup (and the hatchlings) liked the sight above the clouds, Hiccup couldn't fly so high above for too long. And he was pretty sure they were nearing Berk. He had lost a track of time, but according to the stars they were close. He

didn't move his watery from wind gaze from the water below, waiting for the familiar lights to appear.

Hookfang underneath him puffed a couple of smoke breaths to warm up the teen, and Hiccup tried to blink smoke away from his eyes, when he finally saw the lights.

"We are almost here!" He cheered and couple of dragons echoed him.

The Berk was getting closer and closer and soon Hiccup could see the two guard statues and people on the edge of the village looking up at them.

"Waitâ€¦ they did redecoration while I was away?" He asked in bewilderment, noticing houses and the decoration* on the main square. Hookfang huffed.

__Strange humans.__

When they landed and everyone reunited with their dragons and newborn hatchlings (he saw Fishlegs tackling poor Meatlug as she reunited her hatchling: who explained the sight of destruction in his village), Hiccup couldn't help a little content smile at the sight of his village. He waited for Toothless to come running to him, but no black dragon appeared as everyone bustled around.

But he didn't have time to worry: his Father gave him a mighty hug that strangely enough reminded him of a little something.

While Stoick gathered everyone to the Great Hall, Hiccup sneaked back to the boat, from where he took out the six eggs. Putting them in front of the boat, he silently thought what to do with them.

"I can't just live you like this, little guysâ€¦" He murmured, furrowing his brows together. A sudden squawk behind him, snapped him out of his thoughts and he turned around to see a little flock of Terrible Terrors running towards him. The smallest dragons of all other species, apparently returned too from their nesting season.

Hiccup looked from the Terrors to the eggs and something clicked in his head. "Of course!"

One of the Terrible Terrors in front (green with specks of yellow and darker green) went closer to him, chattering in greeting.

__What do you have there?__

The little dragon cooed, and Hiccup grinned gesturing at the eggs.

"It looks like I found some Terrible Terrors eggs!"

The dragons surrounded the six eggs, cooing and hissing in excitement, until one of them (the green one) jumped onto the egg and sat comfortably at it, as other puffed fire at it and other five.

"Wait, er, you probably shouldn't-" Hiccup tried to warn them, but

apparently these Terrible Terrors were quite young (or really stupid), because they didn't know that-

****BOOM!****

-that eggs explode when they hatch.

The green Terrible Terror landed near Hiccup (who managed to take cover behind the barrels), a little shaken, but all right. Other little dragons quickly got up on their claws and circled around the new-born hatchlings.

Hiccup smiled at the sight of really tiny Terrible Terrors hatchlings and grown up dragons fussing in interest around them. He turned to the Great Hall, content to leave the dragons, knowing that little ones were in good hands, err, claws.

He limped to the Great Hall, his heart heavy and light at the same time, not noticing a lone black shadow far in the horizon twisting in the clouds.

****The End of How to lead the Return Migration****

* * *

><p>*-one of the dragons from the episodes Riders of Berk.

*- in the first episode of Riders of Berk it's reveled that apparently dragons puke strictly in a certain time.

****Thank you everybody who stuck with this story to it's very short end.****

End
file.